













## Landmarks of the World's Art

'They are a remarkable feat of editing and publishing. Nearly all the colour plates are excellent, the authors have been well chosen, and their texts are remarkably good; the price is almost incredible.'

SIR KENNETH CLARK

**PREHISTORIC AND PRIMITIVE MAN**  
Dr. Andrew Lumsden is Director of the Museum of Ethnology in Munich, where he has organised a series of outstanding exhibitions of primitive art. He is the author of *The Age of the Hunter*, a history of the thought, art and religion of the earliest human societies.

**THE ANCIENT WORLD**  
Professor Giovanni Gualini is Associate Professor of Near Eastern Studies at the University of Rome and Professor at the Oriental Institute in Naples. He has researched particularly into the languages and inscriptions of the Ancient Middle East.

**THE CLASSICAL WORLD**  
Dr. Ronald Strong is Assistant Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum, London. He is the author of *Roman Imperial Sculpture*, and *Greek and Roman Gold and Silver Plate*.

**THE EARLY CHRISTIAN AND BYZANTINE WORLD**  
Professor Joan Lesau is Professor at the Sorbonne in Paris, specialising in Early Christian archaeology at the Institute of Art and Archaeology. He was previously Professor of Byzantine civilisation at Strasbourg.

**THE WORLD OF ISLAM**  
Dr. Ernest Gruhn is Director of the Department of Islamic Art at the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and Associate Professor of Islamic Art at Columbia University.

**THE ORIENTAL WORLD**  
Jennings Aubrey and Roger Goopier are the authors of *China*, a history of the Middle Kingdom in Paris and has written many books about Chinese art, particularly the art of the silk. Dr. Goopier is Director of the Museum of Far Eastern Art, Cologne and author of *The Essence of Chinese Painting*.

**THE MEDIEVAL WORLD**  
Dr. Peter Klever is Professor of the Department of Art History at the University of London. He is co-author of *Medieval Art and Architecture* and *A History of English Architecture*.

**MAN AND THE RENAISSANCE**  
Andrew Martindale is Senior Lecturer in the School of Fine Arts at the University of East Anglia. His published works include *Gothic Cathedrals*.

**THE AGE OF BAROQUE**  
Michael Klee is Senior Lecturer in the History of Art at the Courtauld School of Art, London University. He has written books on English painting and J. M. W. Turner.

**THE MODERN WORLD**  
Northern Light is the author of *The School of Art History and the School of Art History* and *Art History and the School of Art History*. He is also the author of *The School of Art History* and *The School of Art History*.

Each volume of *Landmarks of the World's Art* contains 176 pages, 40,000 words of text, 200 illustrations (over half in full colour), maps, chronological charts, architectural plans, glossary, bibliography and comprehensive index.

Published by Paul Hamlyn at thirty shillings

Published by Paul Hamlyn at thirty shillings

## Fiction

### BACK NUMBERS

RICHARD ALDINGTON: *Soft Answers*. 242pp. £2.8s. ZELDA FITZGERALD: *Soft Answers*. 225pp. £2.16s. Southern Illinois University Press. London: Felfer and Simmonds.

Even in these days of fervent revivalism, there are books which have dropped from sight. The middle distance, of a generation back, remains the dearest of dead ground—neither history quite nor, certainly, contemporary either. It is to such these neglected ranks, and to reissue chosen texts in trustworthy editions, that *Crosscurrents/Modern Fiction* was instituted.

Harry T. Moore is prospector-in-chief: Matthew J. Bruccoli, the textual editor. This collaboration itself, however, is oddly at cross-currents. For while the head is kept deliberately on the light side, the tail-piece is weighed with "Emendations in the Copy-Texts" and "Collations". Professor Moore's introductions, that is, are adequate if somewhat eurocentric—certainly not jolly to the reader on to delights ahead—while Professor Bruccoli's notes at the rear reveal the full pressure of academic purposefulness with cautions on "whether certain editions of the line hyphenations" are "to be treated as compounds or single words", etc.

These latest additions to the series were both first published in 1932. *Soft Answers*, at a glance, seems a dubious candidate. Stock archetypes inhabit these tales—the complacent bachelor, the cocktail circuit divorcee, the talented young man from way out West; and much of the satire. They are not so much tales, in fact, as blown up sketches, cartoonists' formulas to caricature the times. But even formulas, like the "types" or "humours" of an earlier century, contrive to mirror something of the times.

These sketches, however, were not chosen entirely for their own sake, but for their well-known lampoons on various contemporaries—namely Ezra Pound, Nancy Cunard and T. S. Eliot. *Soft Answers* (alias *Charles Cux*) apparently did not mind. T. S. Eliot infers Jeremy Pratt Sybba, afterwards Father Chibber, O.S.B., recently beatified by the Roman Curia. As recently as 1965 he called the piece "cruel and unkind", though all was forgiven, it seems, in the end; and through the dress of years nothing was left but feelings of friendliness and regard. (Richard Aldington: *An Intimate Portrait*). Why then reprint it now? Both pieces, reread today, seem childish and desperately long-winded.

Of Zelda Fitzgerald's one and only novel—written, in hospital, in a single inspired rush of six weeks—there can be no question! Despite a British reissue in 1953, the book has

not been widely available. It remains an interesting adjunct to her husband's *Tender is the Night* (which appeared two years later, covering much the same ground) and thus inevitably forms a footnote to the F. Scott Fitzgerald canon.

But it was precisely from the status of footnote that both Zelda and her novel needed rescuing. David's success was his own—he had earned his right to be critical—Alabama felt that she had nothing to give to the world and no way to dispose of what she took away.

The hope of entering Disraeli's ballroom before her like a protecting cathedral. David, alias Amory Blaine, was Scott himself. Alabama Beggs, was Zelda—who had something to give posterity, after all. Her narrative may be slipshod, moving awkwardly from tableau to tableau: the American South, New York, Long Island, the South of France, Paris, Naples, Switzerland. Her style tends to be highly charged, incandescent with verbal fireworks. As in some autobiographical novels, the pressure of memory does violence to both shape and language. And, like all novices, she is often prelenious. But her eyes and ears were rapacious. She presents the living texture of the age, its inconsequential chatter and shifts of sensation. Her picture of a Russian ballet school in Paris is particularly memorable.

For Zelda, New York's *primo* flapper *assault*, in all else felt herself to be a failure. As a novelist's wife she desperately sought success in painting, ballet, and finally, during a nervous breakdown in the Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore, in fiction, too.

By the time a person has achieved years adequate for choosing a direction, the die is cast and the moment has long since passed which determined the future. We grew up founding our dreams on the infinite promise of American advertising. I still believe that one can learn to play the piano by mail and that mud will give a perfect complexion. She was to learn, not by mail, as it turned out, but her husband's art from her husband. And though, in the final analysis, Scott Fitzgerald was right in judging the novel "a bad book", it still brims with life, revealing more than most contemporary tours of a decade when "people were tired of the proletarian—everybody was famous", and "all the other people who weren't well known had been killed in the war."

### BURYING THE PANGA

RONIN BROWN: *A Forest is a Long Time Growing*. 240pp. Michael Joseph. 25s.

This novel is a kind of prophetic fantasy-comic-thriller, set in a Rhodesia of the perhaps not too distant future. Two years have elapsed since the holocaust of a race-war. The country, nominally under United Nations control, is now the Protectorate of Zimbabwe. The place is in a shambles: Salisbury and Bulawayo are ghost cities, and the rugged hills and the merry clinking of windmills are no longer to be heard from the verandah of the suburban house.

But it is all ill-wind of change that blows no good. The Blacks, exhausted (though victorious), and the few remaining whites, have decided to bury the panga and give away the machine-gun. Together they are struggling to bring a viable new multi-racial state to birth. Their aim is threatened, however, by the terrorist activities of a group of Chinese-brain-washed conspirators, operating from the remote mountain forests. It is rooted out otherwise the U.M., on the grounds that there is too much justice in the country, will not give the blessing to the coming independence election.

The job of tracking down the terrorists is shared by Sam de Plessis, a

probable mixture of Afrikaans farmer and crypto-intellectual; Rory Gentleman, the narrator, a young man of flip sensitivity who has come back to the country after unsuccessful trying to become a priest; and Joe Burundi, an educated army officer who is anxious to prove that Africans really are equal. Also on the tracking expedition is Dom Leitch, an enigmatic Jew of Russian origin who is a specialist in brain-washing techniques and who turns out (crackling predictably) to be one of the master-minds behind the terrorists.

Robin Brown moves his story along at a fair pace, and occasionally achieves remarkable vividness of scene and action. The ghostly atmosphere of post-holocaust Salisbury is well imagined, and the chase after the terrorist killer comes through effectively enough, although too often phrases and images are sprayed around in the way a hunter uses buckshot. There is something dubious, too, about some of the book's racial attitudes. The hero of the piece is a big, strong, honest Afrikaner, the villain a cold-blooded Jew. And then there are the inscrutable men of Peking, stirring it all up.

### BLACK SEASIDE

VALERIE TANNIS: *The Pleasure Factory*. Translated from the Russian by Michael Glenny. 224pp. Cullins and Harvill Press. 2s.

Seven years ago, so the story goes, a British journalist agreed, at Tannis's request, to smuggle a suitcase stuffed with his manuscripts out of Russia and have them translated and published in the west. This is being done—but with no unseemly haste: until recently only two brief works, *The Bluebird* and *Red and Black*, had been given us. (*Wind 7*, which gave Tannis his notoriety, was not part of the original consignment.) *The Pleasure Factory*, of the dimensions of a short novel, is very similar in trend and time to the two earlier stories—earlier only in the sense that they were published earlier over here: it is hard to tell, except from tenuous internal evidence, at what date *The Pleasure Factory* was written, and what stage in the development of Soviet society it purports to reflect. Tannis, as a social critic, belongs to what must constitute in the country of his birth the lunatic fringe, the extreme right wing; if he has one constant obsessive bugbear it is the oppressiveness of officialdom under a communist regime. "If ever people do start living decently," says one of his characters, "it'll be because they're richer—although I don't suppose they'll ever get that far, the bureaucrats will always suck them dry." The "pleasure factory" is a Black Sea resort, a sort of proletarian Nice where the toilers from the cities come to fling around their hard-earned roubles during the summer season. It is a setting in which corruption and cynicism flourish and in which the one or two genuine idealists, like Pasha

Olenin, an attractive girl architect, end in despair and frustration. In his literary allegiances Tannis is in a peculiarly fortunate position such as has almost died out today except among writers of literary novelettes. He likes to place at the centre of his stories a few *faux*, of irresistible sexual tension, surrounded by a few adjectives driven to distraction by her beauty and heartlessness. In *Red and Black* she was called Rimma; in *The Pleasure Factory* she is a character named "diabolical" heroines, in particular on her namesake, Nastasia Filippovna in *The Idiot*. She is also charged to remind us of Cernomir, indeed, when her principal love ends by shooting her, the reason balance becomes a little less obvious. The book, in this respect, rates as a modern Russian version of *Moby-Dick's* overheard romance.

Tannis's characters are much given to uttering despatch platitudes of the type: "To love the truth is perhaps the most hopeless cause on earth." The Russians among them behave erratically as any reader of Dostoevsky expects Russians to behave; but there is besides a French journalist, intended partly to provide the "western" viewpoint, who succeeds only in being incredible. The book is suggested, organized—as were the other three—but since they were briefer the title was less noticeable. As for the message, whatever sympathy or may have for it in a general way, the stridency of its expression is bound to raise doubts about the clarity of the vision on which it is based.

### GERMANIACAL

LESLIE THOMAS: *Orange Wednesday*. 256pp. Constable. 25s.

Leslie Thomas's first novel, *The Virgin Soldiers*, was acclaimed for daring wit, sex and irreverence in its treatment of National Service life during the Malayan campaign. The subject was based on the author's own experience and, in spite of too many obvious set-pieces and some uncertainty in the liaison between fantasy and reality, the book did, in its way, say something perceptive and useful about the ambivalence of the soldier's life. In *Orange Wednesday*, Mr. Thomas has attempted a more ambitious theme, but has not matched it with a corresponding development in treatment; he has fallen back heavily on those cruder elements which made the first novel a best-seller.

Brunel is a lone British officer, left behind in a sleepy German spa town, in sole charge of the decaying Section of Moribund Documents of World War II. He shifts his time away between the guesthouse where he is the only guest, the neighbourhood café, kept by lovable old ex-S.S. postman Otto, and his dalecantic teenage daughter, Hilde, and the Office, situated above the medicinal baths, where he and his bumbling cat spend their afternoons, drunk on port. His peace is shattered when the Army

rediscovers him, and he is attached to Intelligence in a top-secret operation Orange Wednesday. It involves no less than the signing of a peace treaty and the re-education of Germany. His colleagues are the homicidal manic Intelligence officer of four nations, all of whom fanatically double-cross each other at the expense of Germany, and all of whom are treated with heavy-handed satire.

Although in form the book is a thriller, the plot meanders from set-piece to set-piece: most of the time is taken up with Brunel's encounters with various German elements, including a half-Austrian nymphomaniac, some old-style Nazis and sinister young Welsh mountaineers, neo-Nazi troops. Nothing and no one is incorruptible. Parts of *Orange Wednesday* read like the rough ideas for a comic strip with Peter Sellers; but the story is neither intricate nor funny enough. Parts read like some *Jack-Jack* attempt at big power satire; but there is no mould; the *Jack-Jacks* are too diffuse. There are one or two genuinely comic moments, but for too much box-office sex. And again and again those set-pieces sit around the great lumps in a porridge of good intentions.

### CAME THE DAWN

MARGUERITE DURAS: *The Rapture of Lol V. Stein*. Translated by Ellen Ellenbogen. 138pp. Hamish Hamilton. 25s.

As *Le Ravissement de Lol V. Stein* this novel was reviewed in the TLS on June 11, 1964, the translation is free but not unfaithful. An English "rapture" being far less ambiguous than a French "ravissement", the title just for Lol V. Stein is a bumpy ride, which is quite untrue. In fact it is the one of Mme. Duras's oddly Eucharistic, swept about an odd, Eucharistic landscape by the ill-wind of a profound emotional fatalism. Ten years earlier Lol had received a nasty shock when her fiancé, the young Anne-Marie Siret, cheerfully melodramatized as "a temptress from the sea". So sudden and

accurately timed in eloquence and more mythical than scandalous, ever since Lol has been out of the authentic mind, trying to hold the past by a tenuous thread of her time and space. But her mathematics cannot put her back together with an old schoolmate, Tania. Together with Tania and Tania's lover she constitutes the three terms of an amorous triangle which is ultimately resolved in Lol's like all Mme. Duras's novels. *Rapture of Lol V. Stein* is a novel with such pointed secret that it is no need to think of it in terms of logical terms at all, and her hint not at the madhouse but at the

## Middle East

### ARAB DISQUIET

ABDULLAH LAROU: *L'Idéologie arabe contemporaine*. Prefaced by Maxime Rodinson. 224pp. Paris: François Maspéro. 15.40fr.

The bulk of the non-Arab world is at present impatient with the Arabs for their ill-considered, by way of standards, include their belief that, though, if termed ideology, it may be metamorphosed into deed without intermediate effort, and that without taking a decision is itself a creative act. This book explores such strictures in that it discusses a world seething with self-consciousness and disquiet.

Arab national ne has just l'occident qui se rend et sa faiblesse, . . . à déborder un ne perçoit que cris et souffrance, c'est qu'un ne écoute pas un suffisant attention le différenciel ambiguë qui s'étale national entreprend sur soi et autrui, d'indistinctement mêlés.

"Autrui" is, of course, "the west", as represented by Europe, the United States and the Soviet Union. The disquiet is confused because most available evidence suggests that the gap between the Arabs and those nations is widening, not narrowing. It is the louder because the Arab world, though culturally at one, is at a variety of stages of social development, so that no one agrees on the words of telescoping the stages whereby "autrui" achieved dignity, power, social security and material prosperity.

Abdullah Laroui is a Moroccan, and punctuates his analysis with snapshots of the scene in Morocco, about which, says his dustcover, he has another book in preparation. His analysis of Arab disquiet is of a kind that could only be produced by a cross between the Sorbonne and Arab Africa: it springs from a mind steeped in European as well as Islamic thought—in Molière and Comte and E. M. Forster as well as al-Agha and Sulaiman Munsif.

Yet even a scholar well acquainted with both cultures need not pick up the book in search of light reading. Whether orientalists, philosopher or sociologist, he will find some of the reasoning abstruse and the conclusions elusive. Nevertheless he will *en route* have been provoked into view present Arab disquiet in a perspective that does not often occur to European minds.

At first blush, the analysis is pessimistic in the extreme. The Arabs, in their search for a modern personality and the touchstone of equality with "autrui", have tried expedient after expedient: "Ni le retour à la religion, ni la Constitution, ni l'éducation intensive n'ont donné cette puissance." They have examined foreign system after foreign system, including the Japanese technological one, only to deduce that, whereas several have virtues (Marxism being that most suited to their needs), none has been attained by methods that would suit them. Is there a way out of their introspective, morbid and impractical frame of mind? Or is the author a mere career specialist, who can diagnose but not cure? He becomes nearly so, but not quite. For he believes that the west, despite its technical superiority, has never been top to all subjects and is not so now. He believes that a satisfactory synthesis with it is possible despite the sea of mistrust that divides it from the Arabs today. He believes that this synthesis could take a form which he calls "marxisme objectif", alias Marxism without its totalitarian frame. In a sympathetic though critical foreword, Professor Maxime Rodinson applauds this "cri du coeur d'un homme exaspéré par la conjonction de l'ignorance et de l'incapacité de raisonnement".

The *Statesman's Year-Book* for 1967-68 (Macmillan, £3.3s.) retains its familiar aspect but as usual its contents have undergone thorough revision to justify the claim on the jacket that this is still the most authoritative and up-to-date work of reference on world affairs. In this one hundred and fourth issue the list of Commonwealth members is extended by three—Botswana (Bechuanaland), Lesotho (Basutoland), and Barbados, Rhodesia, on the contrary, occupies an anomalous region between the Commonwealth and the rest of the world. A folding map shows side by side the three countries now divided—Germany, Korea, and Vietnam.

### QUICK WORK

RANOLPH S. CHURCHILL and WINSTON S. CHURCHILL: *The Six Day War*. 250pp. Heinemann. Distributed by Penguin Books. Paperback, 5s.

This is a remarkable feat of journalism and of publishing. The six days of the title were up by June 11 and the book was out by August 11. Nevertheless it is a book which deserves a more than ephemeral notice: one of the authors was on the spot, the other, as always, was in the know. Between them they have produced a credible and easily understood account of the remarkable operations carried out by the Israeli army in Sinai, on the west bank of the Jordan and in Syria, with quite enough background to set the operations in their context and an attempt at forecasting the future which is reasonable in itself and has not, so far, been falsified by events.

The battles in Sinai get the fullest account, as is natural since here was the greatest clash of numbers and the largest-scale armoured battles. It is perhaps a little Olympian: the well-known pointed arrows twist and writhe across the clearly laid-out sketch maps but it is not easy to see precisely why such and such an Egyptian strong-point fell when it did. Perhaps it is all to be explained in the contrast which the authors draw between the brave and patient Egyptian soldiers, good gunners and good infantrymen, and their worthless officers whom the authors dismiss with a four-lettered word common indeed in military parlance but rare in serious military history. The Syrians seem to have put up an even more contemptible performance although, perhaps owing to the nature of the terrain, their officers appear to have been less busy in jumping into jeeps and making off. The Jordanians come off best for reputation, although the fighting on this front is far less clearly described and it is almost impossible to follow the course of what seems to have

been a hard-fought, scrambling soldiers' battle.

The external powers involved, America, Russia and Britain, are treated by the authors as harshly as if they were Syrian brigadiers. The Americans are reproached for allowing their policy to be at the mercy of an intestine feud between the State Department and the C.I.A., the latter, for obscure but probably discreditable reasons, connected with oil, having backed Nasser for the past fifteen years. The Russians, having originally, in 1948, backed Israel as a good anti-Imperialist country against the supposedly British-inspired Arab League, change over to the losing side; they may well

have been the original cause of the war by lying to the Egyptians about an imminent attack on Syria; and in the end they suffer a defeat comparable with Khrushchev's over Cuba. The British come off worst of all—transient, embarrassed, phantom-like observers on the sidelines. The Churchills balance their praise of the Israeli army by a wise refusal to explain the horrors of Israeli party politics. For the future, there are no precedents to guide: as the Israeli Foreign Minister put it, this is the first war in history in which, on the morrow, the victors sued for peace and the vanquished called for the unconditional surrender of their enemies.

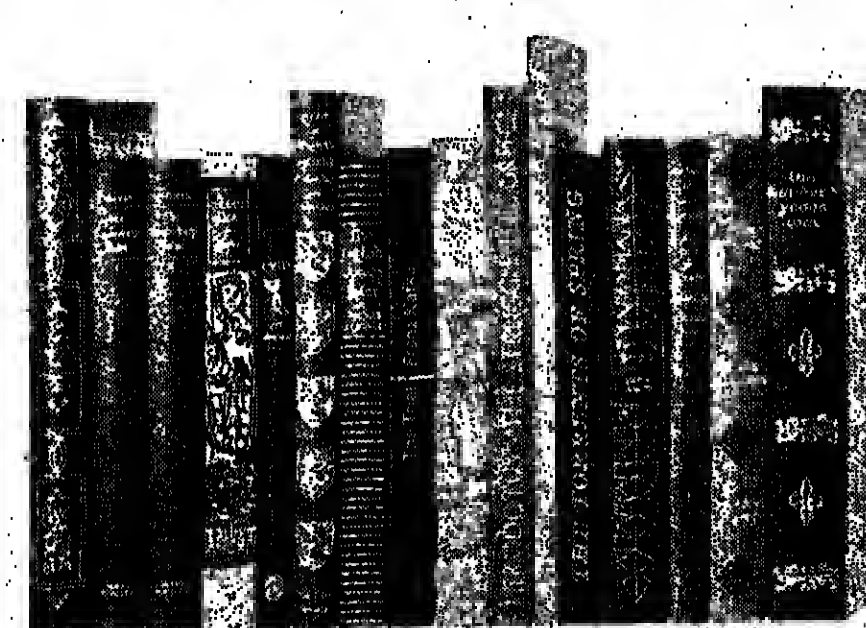
### DIASPORA

CECIL ROTH (Editor): *The World History of the Jewish People*. Volume XI: Jews in Christian Europe 711-1096. 492 pp. W. H. Allen. £5.3s.

Though the eleventh in order of the series as planned, this book is the second volume to be printed of the monumental *World History of the Jewish People*. It covers a period of 400 years and gives the background of a most vital section of the Jewish people in the Christian world, which hitherto has been little studied. Professor Cecil Roth, formerly of Oxford University, is the general editor of the series, and also the editor of this volume, of which he has written several chapters.

Among the chapters are "Aspects of Jewish Culture and Rabbinical Learning" by Dr. Zimmels, principal of Jews' College in London, one of the Khazars, that curious people from Central Asia who established a kingdom in the Volga valley and the Crimea and were converted to Juda-

ism, and one on the "Study of Jews in Byzantium". At the beginning of the period the Jews were still rooted in the soil in the Middle East and engaged in handicrafts. At the end they have become occidentalized, and are characteristically urban, merchants, a despised minority among the Christian population. Christian Spain had become the cradle of the Sephardi culture; northern France and the Rhineland of the Ashkenazi Rabbinical schools. Ideally the centre was being shifted from Iraq to western and northern Europe. Through most of the period, however, it was in the realm of Islam, and particularly in Moorish Spain, that Jewish civilization flourished. That story will be the subject of another volume in the series.



## Build a library of beautiful books

True quality is difficult to describe, without falling into the use of the many hackneyed superlatives that automatically arouse mistrust. But, from the selection of the texts to the choice of paper, illustrations and binding design, the excellence of each Folio edition is unique. In every case the aim is to present a really worthwhile text in an edition that adds to the pleasure of reading and is a thing of beauty in its own right. Such quality should be expensive; yet members buy these exclusive books for scarcely more than an ordinary edition—or average a price of 26/-! Many are major classics, but as important are the new translations, the literary minor masterpieces and eye-illness accounts of historic events.

There is no membership fee and the only commitment is to buy four books from the eighty or more available. You will also receive, entirely free, a specially commissioned volume of Canaletto's Paintings (in full colour) Drawings and Etchings.

Send now for the Society's illustrated prospectus.

THE  
FOLIO  
SOCIETY

To: The Membership Secretary, The Folio Society Ltd., 6 Stratford Pl., London W.1  
Please send me free, and without obligation, your 1968 prospectus.  
NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
TJS:11



Science

BOHR'S CALIBRE

S. ROZENTAL (Editor): *Niels Bohr. His Life and Work as seen by his Friends and Colleagues.* 355pp. Amsterdam: North-Holland Publishing Co. 29 guilders. £2 18s.  
RUTH MOORE: *Niels Bohr: the Man and the Scientist.* 436pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £2 2s.

Collected tributes to the distinguished dead are apt to make dull reading: these to Niels Bohr, the physicist, are an exception. This is not merely because on two separate occasions he found his way to a new and essentially simple approach at a point of difficulty. The first was on the theory of complete atoms; the second on the theory of the atomic nucleus. Nor is it because he introduced into physics the principle of complementarity—the idea that mutually exclusive approaches to the same object may each have their justification and each be necessary to full understanding. It is much more because he was unusual as a person and in ways of thinking and working; and because, by common agreement, he was all of a piece. Hence the many stories about him.

The characteristics common to his two main contributions can be simply stated. In each case he saw that existing ideas were inconsistent or inadequate. In each he cut a corner. In each he did what was immediately necessary for as much understanding as could be reached at the time. In each his solution was incomplete, but essentially right so far as it went.

In his ordinary life simplicity of outlook and an ability to see quickly through the façades behind which most of us hope to conceal ourselves were qualities that seemed to his friends to go together. Others were a weakness for looking at everyday issues—even the choice of a prism—from all conceivable angles, and unhappiness if acceptance of the conclusion so reached was based on anything but conviction. The same traits account for the seemingly intuitive quality of his work, his mistrust of mathematical formalism when carried beyond the physical situations that had given rise to it, a habit of examining and testing his ideas from all possible viewpoints and, in extreme degree, his custom of thinking aloud and needing someone to think at odd cadd with him; for, if he could not, there must be something wrong to sort out.

His mathematician brother Harald,

asked why he himself was one of the greatest lecturers while Niels was an unsuccessful public speaker, gave the reply: "Simply because at each place in my lecture I speak only of those things which I have explained before, but Niels usually talks about matters which he means to explain later". In an extreme case, thinking aloud even became thinking in silence, his spoken "And... But... And..." being all that his hearers had to guide them. However, arriving once at Princeton after being cooped up on a liner for a week without suitable audience, he met Pauli and another in a corridor, practically pushed them into an office and, having made them sit down, talked for two hours before either had a chance to interrupt him.

A story about Bohr and Einstein, also at Princeton, illuminates both. They were in adjoining rooms—Bohr attempting to dictate a contribution to a presentation volume to Einstein. The only word that came was "Einstein... Einstein", with Bohr at first almost running round the room, then looking out of a window. Into this scene there intruded Einstein on tiptoe, with an urchin smile and finger to lips. Bohr, after one more hopeful "Einstein...", turned round. The explanation after mutual astonishment was that Einstein had been forbidden by his doctor to buy tobacco, but not to steal it and, at the moment of truth, had just reached Bohr's tobacco jar.

There is much more of interest; his relations with Rutherford and, more important, his brother Harald; his interest in anything from the logic of the stock exchange to a jazz-player's trumpet and pictures; clock-and-dagger stuff in his wartime evacuation from Denmark to Sweden; his unsuccessful efforts to convey to Roosevelt and Churchill what they should do about nuclear energy. The fact that Heisenberg, who at one time saw much of him and whom he nearly drowned swimming for out into the Kattegat, doubted if Bohr was primarily a scientist is a better explanation of the real case for this book.

These illuminating and personal tributes were made available in advance to Miss Moore for her history.

graphy, in which many of the same stories therefore appear. She has done an orderly and competent job. Also she gives a broader background of contemporary physics, notably in the interval (little less than a generation) between Bohr's two major contributions. Correspondingly there is less depth—for Miss Moore is a journalist not a physicist—in her treatment of the protracted and revealing dialogue between Bohr and Einstein on the significance of quantum mechanics.

She gives a more satisfying account of Bohr's ill-fated attempt to convince Churchill as well as Roosevelt of the need for international control of nuclear energy, and therefore of international openness, if (in the words of Sir John Anderson) "a vicious arms race" was to be avoided. Miss Moore, an American, can state bluntly that "Churchill was no social or political innovator", where Aage Bohr, writing in the commemorative volume as a son and a scientist who was himself involved, sticks more severely to the facts. Lord Snow has written lately of the episode that Bohr, anxious to leave out nothing of the truth, could be boring—i.e., to one not attuned to the subject. Miss Moore's picture of the later denouement is of a Roosevelt overwhelmed by Churchill's repeated attack on Bohr's dependability—an attack based on a view of a letter from Bohr to Kapiza in Russia which Churchill had been told clearly and repeatedly was unfounded. Whether Roosevelt was ever as deeply convinced by Bohr as not one time he seemed to be, and whether—if so—he would have stood out, had he lived to do so, against the machine that he had himself created is at least doubtful. Miss Moore, with a weakness for drama, leaves the second point unstated.

Which book may be preferred will depend on the reader. Dr. Rozental's conveys the more vivid impression of Bohr, precisely because it is not a biography—but also because all who contributed knew him personally. For those unfamiliar with Bohr and his work, Miss Moore's biography—the first—is more straightforward reading.

A FOR ALAMOS

STEPHANE GROUPE: *Manhattan Project.* 466pp. Collins. £2 5s.

Although it is claimed for this book that it describes the "untold story" of the making of the atomic bomb by the Manhattan Project, it adds little new factual material to the story which has already been related in great detail in the United States official history: *New World* by Teller and Anderson. Stephane Groupe's account does provide much information about the principal personalities involved, particularly about General Groves, the director of the project from September, 1942, and the principal scientists and engineers involved.

The scientists included Dr. Robert Oppenheimer, Director of Los Alamos; Professors Enrico Fermi and Eugene Wigner, responsible for the development of the atomic pile; Professors Ernest Lawrence, Urey, Arthur Compton and many others of Nobel Laureate status. The engineers were responsible for building the enormous plants, the Oakridge diffusion plant and the electromagnetic plant for separating U-235 and the Hanford plutonium production plant. The book also describes the social problems involved in building up the Los Alamos laboratory on the top of the Mesa near Santa Fe, where Dr. Oppenheimer collected a remarkable group of distinguished United States scientists to work on the bomb. They were joined in early 1944 by a group of British scientists led by Professor James Chadwick and including Dr. William Penney, now Lord Penney, Sir Geoffrey Taylor and Professor Niels Bohr, acting as adviser to the United Kingdom team. The team was small but of very high quality and made important contributions to the project.

The narrative in the book is built up from many interviews with the principal scientists and engineers, no doubt with the help of the tape recorder. It is impossible for anyone who was not a member of the project to judge how accurate the reports of these conversations are. One would be surprised if, after a twenty-year interval, they could be accurate.

PROTON AND SO ON

ISAAC ASIMOV: *Understanding Physics.* Vol. 1. 248pp. Vol. 2. 248pp. Vol. 3. 269pp. Allen and Unwin. £2 5s. each vol.

Among the first phenomena considered by the curious ancient Greeks was the phenomenon of motion; they only considered it; it never occurred to them that, however reasonable their deductions appeared to be, they had to be tested by experiment. It is an astonishing feature of the history of science that a cardinal requirement—the deliberate test or experiment—was not thought to be necessary for 2,000 years after Aristotle. It is in fact from Galileo (1564-1642) that modern science is usually dated. Pure reasoning from postulated assumptions, almost total lack of direct experimental verification are the two characteristics of ancient and medieval science.

Modern science is extensively empirical, but its theoretical background is no longer so transparently reasonable (in the technical sense of the word) as it was in the Aristotelian and medieval phases. This is so because the advent of empiricism has been accompanied by the evolution of exceedingly complicated mathematical or symbolic representations of natural phenomena. Modern theoretical physicists form a highly exclusive society and their language is not readily understood by others. The reason is of course that it was not until well into the twentieth century that it became apparent that the concepts necessary for the description of the subatomic and atomic worlds may not be the same as those which are sufficient for matter in bulk. One cannot apply ordinary common sense to atomic phenomena because all common sense notions are relatively crude generalizations from sense data. The world looks different to Lilliputians and Brubbingnagins. The difference is not merely a matter of size but of nature.

considered as giving more than the general sense of the conversation. The book can in no sense be regarded as a history and does not compare in this respect with *New World* or Mrs. Gowling's history of the United Kingdom atomic enterprise.

The book makes little reference to the important British contribution to the initiation of the American project. The reports of the United Kingdom Atomic Committee which were published in June, 1944, were transmitted immediately to the responsible for the United States project of the time and showed that an atomic bomb could be built with about 25lb. of U-235. Suggestions were made about possible methods of separating this uranium isotope, and estimates were given of the explosive power of the bomb. Dr. Groupe gives the impression that the American scientists had to start from scratch. For example, General Groves is quoted as asking in late 1942 "how much material would be required for the critical mass; how should it be detonated; could the force of the explosion be predicted?"

The account gives the impression that the United States scientists were somewhat naive: "The scientists had been proclaiming they were ready to swing into industrial production as soon as the plants were built. The latter alarming truth was that nothing was ready for production. The entire production was in an embryonic stage."

In fact the scientists were not at all naive. Fermi and his colleagues first built with their own hands the first atomic pile in Chicago and then it was, and throughout the subsequent construction of the largest atomic piles at Hanford the scientists had to work extremely closely with the engineers to achieve a final success.

The book should, therefore, be regarded as a narrative for the general reader. It includes interesting photographs of the projects and staff, as well as those already published in *New World*.

Poetry

THOMAS GUNN: *Touch.* 58pp. Faber and Faber. 15s. CHRISTOPHER LOGUE: *Pav.* 21pp. Rapp and Carroll. 15s. THOMAS KINSSELLA: *Nightwalker.* 18pp. Dublin: Dolmen Press. London: Oxford University Press. 8s. 6d. JOHN PUDNEY: *Spill Out.* 55pp. Dent. 25s. BAYN GARFITHS: *The Stones Remember.* 31pp. Dent. 8s. 6d. JAMES SIMMONS: *Late but in Earnest.* 44pp. Bodley Head. 15s.

Thomas Gunn is an unsettled and unassuming poet: nervous, bleak, tense, shy, committed to a brute masculine energy because, it would seem, he distrusts something altogether different, softer and more whimsical than himself. It is this tension which has given Mr. Gunn his characteristic drawn voice and made him a very interesting and problematical poet almost any of his contemporaries. The battle-images of his early poems, in *Flighting Terns*, only get more obviously—even crudely—what has been a continuing stance: a sometimes bewildering display of staccato and shifts of ground, yet also a lovely firmness, a vulnerable isolation. And there is also a note of sadness, sometimes close to sentimentality, as in the title-poem of his new book, *Touch*.

In a conversation with Ian Hamilton, published in *The London Magazine* of November, 1964, Mr. Gunn said:

"That in syllables I can much more easily record the casual perception, whereas with metrical verse I very often become committed to a particular kind of rather fast emotion, a rather clenched kind of emotion."

This is a perceptive piece of self-observation, but it would be mistaken to imagine on the evidence of it that Mr. Gunn's syllabic verse is preferable to his "strong line" or "strong line" work. Like its predecessor, *My Sad Captain*, the new book contains examples of both, and it is not being merely old-fashioned to suggest that the more powerful of the emotion, the more clearly it shows itself in the steady tread of Mr. Gunn's iambics; whereas the side, then, there is much to praise. The sequence called "Misanthropos", which takes up almost half the book, is an impressive group concerned with loneliness, separateness, singularity; the forms are varied—

"casual perceptions" are all too often just that, arbitrary, half-achieved, drifting into prosiness. "Taylor Street", for example, sounds like a left-over caption from *Positives*, the book of photographs by his brother Andor; the greater the particularity, the weaker the intensity. And "Bravery", again, dealing as it does with a painting, looks itself too carefully with detail, so that the words run on amiably but without pressure: a "warm cluster of detail". Leaving the syllabic verse on one

Love Song

Today you move in a golden light,  
your notions studied but effortless,  
like a ballerina's. And your feet  
unlike perfect shapes in air. You bleed  
the kitchen trivet with your waiting hands;  
your movements start where dancing ends.

Today you are too good to live,  
too wholly pure. The solar red  
and gold burn round your face. Turning, you give  
light to the whole room. The dead  
stars cannot compare with this.  
You print the walls with fire as you pass.

DAVID HARSNET.

HOPKINS PICKINGS

The Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Edited by W. H. Gardner and N. H. MacKenzie. 362pp. Oxford University Press. 30s.  
Hopkins: Selections. Chosen and edited by Graham Storey. 206pp. Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d.

It is nearly 100 years since Hopkins thought that he had destroyed all his early poems after his decision to enter the religious life and become a Jesuit. The late Humphry House noted that the only "Slender of the innocents" in the *Journal* under May 11, 1868, probably records the occasion, and fifty years were to elapse before Robert Bridges decided in 1918 that the moment was ripe to introduce his friend's idiosyncratic poetry to the public. Except for three early poems Bridges wisely restricted his selection to the finished and unfinished poems of Hopkins's maturity between 1876 and 1889. Some additions to the canon were made by Charles Williams, the editor of the second edition, in 1930 and on a much greater scale by Hopkins's third editor, W. H. Gardner, in 1948.

Professor Gardner tells us with that understandable reluctance, he has dared "submerging the pieces of the poet's achievement" in the "mass of less significant fragments". His decision to print needs no apology. Hopkins's poetry is a "poet's major work" and "in total recognition" of this, the new edition of the *Complete Poems* of Gerard Manley Hopkins, made the publication of his later, or every scrap of his work, inevitable. If those brought up on the second edition of *Poems*, who added only sixteen pieces to the original collection, still feel that the effect of the swollen *Complete Poems* is somehow to dilute the impact of the poet's work, they are mistaken. The new edition, by including the "minor" pieces, does not dilute the impact of the poet's work, but rather makes it more complete and more satisfying.

The most useful of the new volumes is the last, which deals with the atomic and nuclear physics. The reader is taken quite gently over the entire territory from "The Atomism" right up to "The Physics of the Atom". And with a certain amount of application and persistence the reader will find a very satisfactory view of the field. The trouble with these books is that it is difficult to visualize their potential readers. They are not quantitative enough for the sixth-former and are perhaps too demitised for the layman. However, within the framework of the book, the Asimov is patently accurate.

Important since the first edition of 1918. The tale of separate items now goes up from 150 (in the enlarged fifth impression of the third edition) to 180. A group of "Early Poems" (1860-75) is followed by "Poems" (1876-89) and "Unfinished Poems, Fragments and Light Verse" (1860-1889). A final group of poems consists of "Translations, Latin and Welsh Poems (1862-87)". The new corners are mainly to the earlier half (1862-68) of "Unfinished Poems", but there are a few additions to "Translations", the sonnet beginning "The shepherd's brow, fronting forked lightning, owns", which Bridges disliked, is at last transferred from "Unfinished Poems" to "Poems" (1876-89), as Professor Gardner says pertinently, "The fourth part of *Gulliver* is not placed among Swift's fragments", and the order of the poems inside their groupings is varied for reasons of chronology. "Barnyard and Winepress", for example, is moved up from No. 18 to No. 6 in "Early Poems".

The fourth edition is also important because for the first time the text has been thoroughly revised "from a scrutiny of virtually all the surviving autographs and contemporary transcripts". The revision of the text, which has produced "about a hundred interesting changes", has been the responsibility of Professor N. H. MacKenzie, whose name as joint-editor appears with that of Professor Gardner on the title page. The "Introduction to the Fourth Edition", an expansion of the last edition, is an excellent introduction to the poet's work and to the history of the text, which has produced "about a hundred interesting changes", has been the responsibility of Professor N. H. MacKenzie, whose name as joint-editor appears with that of Professor Gardner on the title page.

which have since been detected", but his chief interest has always been in the elucidation of Hopkins's meaning rather than the establishment of his text. We must welcome what might have been done earlier but has finally been done. The present division of labour between the editors seems a happy one.

The inclusion of all known poems and fragments, the thorough scrutiny of the text, and the modification of the order of the poems makes the fourth edition of *Poems* one which all serious students of Hopkins will have to possess, but it should be pointed out that the new edition is still "based on the First Edition of 1918" so that to its disadvantage. It is Bridges's shadow, for example, that has delayed so long the placing of "The shepherd's brow" in its proper place, which is much expanded in this edition, is more of a patchwork quilt than ever. As well as notes on the text, "R.B." and "W.H.G." we now have others marked "N.H.M.". "Pity is an excellent thing, but its price is high when the commentary is so difficult to use." For example, the notes provided for "That Nature is a Harlequinade" run together miscellaneous details of the dating and bibliographical history of the poem, indications of its stresses, and outlines marked in the "MS." citation of relevant passages from Hopkins's prose, explanation of allusions and exegesis of meaning.

Was it really necessary for us to read on line six first "construction obscure: *rupees* may be a compound word, MS. uncertain [R.B.]" and then "Comparing *rupees* with *shadowy*, *footprints* and *matchwood*, we are compelled to take *rupees* as a compound word, [N.H.M.]?" Are we compelled? In this case Bridges was probably right in supposing that the compound *rupees* would give a poorer sense and be rhythmically inferior, but the point here is rather that so much editorial disableness is unattractive. The differences between Professor Gardner's comments on this poem

new openness and generosity of spirit. Mr. Gunn's essentially grave, even melancholy, nature, and does it beautifully:  
The pale leaves shift a bit,  
Now light, now shadowed, and their  
movement shared  
Even by the sap that runs through it:  
A small full trembling through it now  
As if each leaf were, so, better pre-  
pared.  
For falling sooner or later separate.

Christopher Logue's "translation" of Book XIX of the *Iliad* is a little disappointing after the striking success of his earlier attempt at Book XVI, *Patrocleia*. The anachronisms and verbal modernisms seem perfunctorily done, and the presumed directness sometimes simply dissolves into crudity. Mr. Logue should take care that his freedom with Homer does not turn into slovenly licence. But, as before, he is at his best with the extended similes:

The Greeks with smiling iron mouths  
They are like nature, like a mass of  
flame,  
Great lengths of water struck by  
changing winds,  
A forest of innumerable trees,  
Boundless sad, snowfall across broad  
steppes at dusk.  
As a huge beast stands and turns round  
itself,  
The well fed, glittering Army stands and  
turns.

Thomas Kinsella has always been an eloquent poet, but one who seemed to find (like Thom Gunn) that the "clenched emotions" fitted best into a tightly-controlled verse. In *Nightwalker* he has attempted something much looser and more discursive, a longish meditation taking its cues from whatever offers itself to view on

the night walk of the title. At times the visual particularity and the quick cuts from scene to scene give it the effect of a scenario, and indeed one feels that some extraneous but necessary element is missing—whether of sight or sound. It reads very much like a transitional piece, and it will be interesting to see what Mr. Kinsella does next.

Finally, three books which are depressing in their muffled pretensions and their staidness. John Pudney, apparently flushed with the success of a number of pseudonymous poems published in the magazines, has now come out in the open, no doubt chuckling at the vagaries of editors. But most of these strenuously of-our-time verses deserved no more than the space given to them as ephemeral fluff. Such titles as "Twentieth-Century Mother" and "Motorway Fugue" are giveaways, tokening modish concerns in threadbare language. Bryn Griffiths veers between romantic commonplaces:

Do you remember that gray winter's day  
when we walked by the river's edge at  
Henley—  
and what amount to Clevelandisms:

This love is (to service to a just looked  
to the mind's basements of sight.  
Only in "Tanto the Undertaker", a  
bizarre anecdote, does Mr. Griffiths  
show that he might be able to manage  
something more entertaining. If not  
more profound or original. James  
Simmons is entertaining, or mildly  
so, but the ironical style which  
Graham Greene prizes in the blurb  
turns out badly to warrant the  
invocation of the late Norman  
Cameron: Mr. Simmons is in fact  
much more like, say, Philip Hobs-  
baum, though with less glumness and  
a greater would-be winsomeess.

Who was Christ?

People who lived about the same time as Christ wrote about him and what he did and said, and what it meant for them. In this

Jerusalem Bible New Testament

what they wrote is in the English WE USE TODAY:

easy to read, lucid and dignified. It is a translation acclaimed by all denominations, and has a short introduction to each book to tell you how it came to be written and what it is about

400 pages: 10/6

DARTON LONGMAN & TODD

ATOMIC BASIS

G. K. T. COHN and H. D. TURNER: *The Evolution of the Nuclear Atom.* 266pp. Iliffe Books. £2 15s.

"No-one should use this book to learn what a nuclear atom is or indeed to learn about the nuclear atom," the authors write in their preface. "What it should be used for, 'knowing this already', is to learn about the antecedents of the Rutherford-Bohr theory, how the theory was developed and established, and hence, too, something about 'the process of discovery, the dynamic of human learning'." This is a worthy as well as a fashionable objective. From the authors' viewpoint it is necessary to the education of scientists because textbooks, which provide only the triple distilled essence of a subject, tell little about discovery. In particular they often omit for simplicity the historical value of

ideas since discarded and the formative contribution made by lines of evidence which, though not crucial in themselves, may yet affect thinking in the sense that some future penny may drop more readily because of them. Both points emerge along with others from this historical record, compiled largely from contemporary publications.

Future scientists are not the only readers who might benefit from following through the course of discovery in this case and others—for three more books are planned. Philosophers of science seem too often to see discovery in terms pre-selected by themselves. They, like scientists under training, are equipped for such politicians and most civil servants are not. These are the people who are required increasingly to take decisions, albeit on advice about the allocation of resources for research. They need something that makes less demands on knowledge that most of them lack. In the authors' metaphor it might be distilled from the eventual quiet fit these books.

The most likely conclusion is that major advances are inevitable only in the sense that when the last of the required pieces for fitting together has become available, the advance will sooner or later be made; but that ability to predict what the last piece will be is equivalent to ability to make the advance. This, if true, bears on the value that should be attached to proposals for major items of expenditure along existing lines compared with other claims for

Published 20 September

A History of British Music

Percy M. Young

Dr. Young has given this important subject more than a quarter of a century of research in all its aspects. Beginning with the first known strings of musical activity far back in the Bronze Age an absorbing story runs across the centuries to the present.

650 pages: 230 musical examples. Extra Medium 8vo

6 guineas

Ernest Benn Limited







## A COLD COMING

WALKER CHAPMAN: *The Loneliest Continent. The Story of Antarctic Discovery.* 279pp. Jarrolds. 35s.  
L. B. QUARTERMAIN: *South to the Pole. The Early History of the Ross Sea Sector, Antarctica.* 481pp. Oxford University Press. £3 15s.

Mr. Chapman, a skilful American journalist, lets drop the reason why he has been able to write a coherent popular history of a continent when he discusses Operation High Jump, the American expedition of 1946 which separates the heroic from the technological age of Antarctic exploration. Through all of history, only about 100 men had set foot in Antarctica before Operation High Jump.

Antarctica, for the first who probed its existence, turned out to be an ice cap of continental dimensions, the very opposite to the rich persistent dreams which Dalmatians and others sketched hopefully on old maps. Thus for most and much the better part of his story Mr. Chapman strings together a procession of ragged sorties upon a terribly hostile environment, a heroic series of firsts and the quarrels which they often produced. There is the first to sail round this forbidding ice mass; the first to see it; the first to set foot on it; the first to spend a night there; the involuntary first to survive a winter in its ice; the first at its magnetic pole; and, most famously of all, there are the first and second at its geographical pole.

Mr. Chapman draws a firm line along the ups and downs of this pursuit of bitter glory: he shows that it was driven by adventurousness, by scientific endeavour and not least by greed to destroy much of what was found to be living on the teeming beaches of outlying islands. When the sealers had done their worst and Ross had discovered his ice shelf in 1842 there was a full of fifty years before the use for the Pole started; and this was almost eluded by the First World War. Although between the war radio communication and aircraft began to soften the environment it was not until the 1946 expedition that American resources introduced the powerful instruments developed in the Second World War—ice-breakers, long-range aircraft, aerial mapping, caterpillar-wheel tractors—and showed how the Antarctic could cease to be a killer.

The end of Mr. Chapman's story is too breathlessly all-American, but he does devote a page or two to its sur-

prising, most hopeful sequel. In the first half of this century men thought that the ice cake of Antarctica should be sliced into neat nationalistic sectors. In 1959, drawing back from the brink of cold war, they agreed to put their slices into cold storage. The loneliest continent is not as lonely as it was; it houses an international community of scientists; it is certainly the most peaceful one.

All the southern journeys of the heroic age started from the Ross Sea shelf, within the New Zealand Ross Sea sector established in 1923. *South to the Pole* is a study in great depth of all that happened in that sector before that date. Mr. Quartermain is a New Zealander who has been in close touch with Antarctic discovery all his life; he works from many unpublished diaries and from contact with the families of the men who laboured there: he knows what he is writing about and he can write; he has the uncommon knack of making frequent quotation pay its vivid way; he can only be faulted for failure to supply maps to match the absorbing details of his history.

His book is therefore specially valuable for rescuing from undeserved neglect many fine subsidiary journeys. A good example is his account of what happened to the men of Scott's second expedition who were sent north to explore the difficult mountains of South Victoria Land. The plan to take them off by ship after their summer journey mis-carried. They survived in intense privation by wintering in an ice cave, and then contrived to struggle back to Cape Evans, only to learn that although the Polar party had not yet been found it was certain that they were all dead.

Another of Mr. Quartermain's fine stories concerns Shackleton's attempt in 1914 to sledge from the Weddell Sea to McMurdo Sound, the prototype in conception of what was successfully done by the transantarctic expedition of 1957. Every Antarctic enthusiast knows how Shackleton's Nimrod was caught and broken in the Weddell ice, and how after finding shelter for his men on Elephant Island, he made an extraordinary 700-mile boat journey to South Geor-

gia to organize their rescue. Mr. Quartermain reminds us in a long, absorbing narrative what happened to Aurora's depot-laying party at the Ross Sea end. By a combination of misfortune and mismanagement Aurora was blown away from her moorings at Hut Point before most of the stores and equipment were landed, leaving ten men on shore short of almost everything to carry out their depot-laying programme up to the Beardmore glacier. All the same they accomplished this work, though three of them died and none of them knew until Aurora returned many months later that what they had suffered so long to do was entirely useless.

One conclusion seems to emerge from this history. With one exception all its famous figures were groping amateurs in the sense that they had to learn the hard way both the means and the ends of their job. Scott and Shackleton for instance both wasted precious energy by fumbling uncertainly with alternative modes of transport. They toyed with mechanized transport many years before it was fitted for this use; they gambled with horses and mules; as for dogs, they chose the wrong breed and were inhibited from getting the most out of them; and so, when crisis came, manpower alone remained to pull them to safety. Amundsen on the other hand was the complete professional. He attacked the Pole with one masterly plan. He had learnt how to drive Greenland huskies over arctic ice. A hundred huskies, some to be butchered on the way, would see him to the Pole and back. His depot-laying, his reconnaissance of the passage up the Axel Heiberg glacier to the plateau were faultless. He had plenty of everything: speed, time, food, energy. He had been in Antarctica once before. He came now, snatched his prize and never returned. He was too ruthless a man to be much liked, but he was not a contemptible upstart who stole a secret march on his rivals, and found a lucky break. It is not always necessary to be a hero to accomplish great things. Amundsen, like Scott, Shackleton and a few others, was a great man but cast in a different mould.

## OFF SHORE

SHIRLEY MADDOCK: *Islands of the Gulf.* 286pp. Photographs by Don Whyte. Collins. £2 2s.

A fringe of islands in the Hauraki Gulf of New Zealand screens the approaches to Auckland harbour. Miss Maddock first made their acquaintance some years ago when she did a television series about them. She has since returned often enough to know them and the coastal perimeter of the mainland opposite much more intimately. *Islands of the Gulf* recounts her journeyings by air, by sea, on foot and in every kind of motor transport and sets out what she has learnt about the past and the present, from family papers and records, from anecdote and family legend and from shrewd observation, interesting fragments of history or tradition recall the old way of life under the Maori and the transition through the missionary and pioneer period. And interviews and verbal

portraits present a pleasing picture of today's inhabitants and the life they lead.

Although her vivacity sometimes betrays Miss Maddock into exuberant over-writing, (trees pushed this way and that by the wind nevertheless manage to stand like sculptured figures in a breeze), her pleasure in place and people is agreeably communicated and she is alert for a good phrase. The mother of fifteen children remarks at the birth of the last: "The only time I get my boots off is when I lay down to have another." Mr. Hooks, asked how long it was since he ate a biscuit as a boy, from the bushmen replies: "Fifty, sixty years maybe." And although at one point she seems to believe that a volcano does hulk, she has the familiarity with outdoor

life, the casual acceptance of the contingent, the tendency to see comedy in setback and even danger, on which New Zealanders like to pride themselves.

If in perhaps her share of this national tendency to make the best of things that accounts for a passing suspicion in the mind of at least one reader that everything about life in the Islands cannot be quite as Arcadian as it seems to be. Yet the people she talks to are often enough on record as infinitely preferring their life to the vainly busy existence of those who dwell in cities. And it is clear that the islands off Auckland are not being bled of their inhabitants as are the islands off the west of Ireland or Scotland. But then there is a world of difference not only in the climate but also in the trouble the respective governments take to provide essential medical and other services.

The book is copiously illustrated with excellent photographs taken by Mr. Whyte, often Miss Maddock's companion on her expeditions, and the Japanese printers have done well, apart from rather too many misprints.

Hongkong University Press have issued an offset reprint of *Dark Days of the China Dynasty*, a study of the life of Li Shih, which was first published by Brill of Leyden in 1938. It is distributed by Oxford University Press at 2s.

## ON SHORE

STAN HUGILL: *Sailortown.* 360pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul, £2 10s.

When a seaman under sail came ashore at a flourishing port he found behind his ducks a community highly organized for his entertainment. His needs—women, booze, loud conviviality—were so elementary as to be almost independent of where the port was, his voyage there, the colour of his skin or the language he spoke. They were supplied as briefly as possible and at the highest possible price. He often woke to find himself stripped of his possessions and outward bound again against his will; sometimes the price was violent death.

Such is generically the Sailortown of Mr. Hugill's long, learned and, for the common reader, rather tedious history. It will be welcomed by marine historians in search of accurate details about crimps and whores, and by residents of seaports with a particular interest in what used to go on near docksides. From a long experience as a seaman and a long reading in Jack's often lamentable adventures ashore Mr. Hugill has written a worldwide survey of

Sailortown. He furnishes it amply with street maps, with his own drawings of its rip-roaring social scene and with scraps of those sea shanties that are tuned toward the delights of respite from the sea.

Each chapter is dense with the names of streets, alleys and squares, boarding and bawdy houses; piddies and dancing halls; violent, notorious or plain evil characters, male and female. He has so many facts to deliver about the various guises in which violence and greed preyed upon lust and drunkenness that he can seldom pause to fill his page with real people or the real life that must have flourished between the fleecer and the fleeced.

This is a remarkably readable book about a most disreputable subject. It might have been a shock, much more amusing one. But it is still very difficult to write pointedly about the unedifying without letting it out of the bad smell of its subject with a more liberal dose of delectant than Mr. Hugill employs.

## CHINA SEAFARING

G. R. G. WORCESTER: *Sail and Sweep in China.* 146pp. and 13 plates. H.M. Stationery Office. 28s. 6d.

The maritime achievements of the Chinese people are little known: such sound information as we have of their junks and sampans, we owe largely to the foresight of the late Sir Frederick Maze. As Inspector-General of the Chinese Maritime Customs, he was deeply interested in Chinese native sailing craft and presented many beautiful scale models of these rapidly vanishing vessels to the Science Museum in London. He also made it possible for one of his officers, Mr. Worcester, to travel widely all over China to study junks such as the Anting trader, the Swallow fisherman, the Amoy fishing junk and the crooked-stern junk.

This was particularly fortunate, for the old China has now gone forever and as Mr. Worcester says:

"The 'Wind of Change' in China has been blowing at lightning speed. In a decade this wonderful country, once the most conservative in the world, with thousands of years of civilization behind her, has seemed to change, not only her way of life, but also her very character. Filial Piety, the Doctrine of the Mean, Confucius and time-honoured beliefs are now not only well out of fashion but like an army of the old ships, have disappeared; and with them has gone much that was colourful, picturesque and often happy."

There are twenty-seven fairly detailed descriptions of sea-going craft, particularly of the large, traders to sampans and junks; most of them are illustrated with photographs of the models in the Science Museum. Now that the old China has gone forever, it is well to have this charming record of quaint and fast-disappearing sea craft.

## GEOGRAPHER'S GALLERY

T. W. FREEMAN: *The Geographer's Craft.* 204pp. Manchester University Press. 25s.

This book parallels Marc Bloch's study of *The Historian's Craft*, published by the same press ten years ago. Its author, T. W. Freeman, is wise enough to admit that it cannot claim to be an adequate complement to Bloch's work. By a similar token, it would not be easy for a geographer to complement E. H. Carr's *What is History?*, though he has much to learn from it about the nature of his own subject. In fact Mr. Freeman's introductory and concluding chapters, which touch upon the practice of geography, are not equal in strength to most of those which deal with his chosen group of practitioners. For, strictly speaking, this is not a book about the geographer's craft, but about seven geographical craftsmen of varying endowments. Each has a label led to him—Francis Galton, a Victorian geographer (in new addition to the ranks of adjectival geographers); Vidal de la Blache, a regional and human geographer; Jovan Cvijic, a reluctant political geographer; Ellsworth Hun-

tington, a student of civilization; Detla Geer, a practical geographer; P. M. Roxby and A. G. Olliger, two recent British geographers.

The seven are selected for the character of their approach to the subject rather than for their skill in it. Their careers also serve to demonstrate how frequently the powerful influences in contemporary academic geography derive from practitioners trained in cognate disciplines. By any standards, most of the "craftsmen" are distinguished by considerable qualities of imagination. For example, Francis Galton, a grand amateur, deserves to be known better by geographers than by least by the current school of quantitative and model-makers. There is always room for the provocative flights of fancy of men such as Ellsworth Huntington, who was a kind of geographical Toybee. T. W. Freeman's gallery of geographical portraits represents a highly original choice, but it stimulates the cause if it is so personal, the reviewer immediately asks himself what seven he would choose.

## Religion

EDMUND G. LÉONARD: *A History of Protestantism. Vol. II: The Establishment.* Edited by H. H. Rowley. Translated by R. M. Belliell. 507pp. Nelson. £6 6s.

The second part of the Protestant story is less exciting than the first. There is "yet more light", there is yet more dark so that this is a story of stark chiaroscuro, of which the Reformation is the emblem. The pioneers give room before the map-makers: Luther into Melancthon and Lutheranism; Zwingli into Calvin and Calvinism; Beza, and both into the Reformed churches. In Scotland, it is John Knox into Andrew Melville and doctrine into Presbyterianism. In England Parker and Whitgift into Anglicanism. Protestantism continues now come to the surface: Puritan moral theology under William of Paris left and as the new Protestant orthodoxy become a rapid, as half-splitting and as and as anything in late scholasticism. Above all, it is the Age of Zeal, where Protestantism follows the model of the Tridentine Pope with its massive threefold regime of repression—the Iron Curtain, the Closed Shop and the Party Line. An age of anathemas and monologues whose motto might have

been: "In necessary things, obedience; in doubtful things, intolerance; in all things, zeal." To the laird words of theologians, add the evil deeds of the religious wars which, in spite of a high non-theological content, have enough to do with an added Christianity to provide one major cause of modern unbelief and indifference.

*Eppur si muove!* At times Professor Leonard's narrative is choked with names and books and deeds, saints and statesmen, immortal classics of the mind and soul, deeds of sublime fortitude and courage. Much as we may deplore some features of Protestant orthodoxy in Germany and Holland, there is here the clue to why, after three centuries, Anglo-Saxon theology is so far behind in technical intricacy and profound debate. And there is an impressive counterpoint: Professor Leonard, who likes to tilt at modern ecumenicity, draws the picture of the men of the age of Jahnski and Dury and Comenius, who tried to mend the breaches in the Protestant wall. And there is more than we might expect

of sweet reasonableness, beside the acid eireneism of a Baxter or the sublimely intolerant plen of Milton for religious liberty. Two stories Professor Leonard tells finely, that of Protestant Holland in its glorious hour, and the long, sober and tragic story of French Protestantism from the Huguenot might to the pitiful and shameful period of the "dragonnades". The vast bibliographies have once again been purged and overseen almost impeccably by Professor H. H. Rowley.

Alas, that more remains to be said about this important work. Professor Leonard's writing falters and fails when he turns to England, and what he has to say is ill-proportioned, serappy and often inaccurate. He has an odd way of picking on one man: Robert Browne (the whole situation is altered after 1593 because Browne has calmed down) or Lancelot Andrewes (who directed the King James Bible), while, in contrast to his account of French Protestantism, he exaggerates grotesquely Calvin's influence on the English Reformation.

Even more unfortunate is the effect of the translation of this volume into

what one must surmise is historians' American, which makes it like the first volume, in the French) almost a curiosity, in the grip succession from Croker's Boswell. Foxe's reference to a "multitude of True Professors" becomes ironically true in these pages where almost any Protestant who has been at Cambridge or Oxford becomes automatically a professor. John Whitgift is described as "Principal of Trinity College, Primate of England", Wotton as Headmaster of Eton, Cecil as Supreme Treasurer. We have Nicholas Ferrar of Huntingdon and a whole crop of misprints and errors about Daniel Brevint. A misreading of the original leads to the statement that there were 277 Catholic martyrs in the reign of Edward VI. The normal uses of English textbooks are ignored, so that we have throughout (even in England in 1662) "Saint Bartholomew" for Saint Barthelemy's Day; and on the one occasion when it is Anglicized it is misspelled. John a Lasco becomes, successively, Johann Laski, Johannes a Lasco, and John Lasei; and the Elector John Frederick gets the worst of both worlds as Johann Frederiek.

Long and difficult French words are just left, so that among words hitherto mercifully absent from our tongue are manducation, carnification, and "certificates of residence". This is not to mention "eat's laying duck's eggs" rendered here as "eggs of cane". In scores of places the translation is wooden almost to the point of unintelligibility. The book has the overall title of "The Establishment", but it may be questioned whether this really is what the author means or a fair description of the period, which is rather the establishing and settling of Protestantism. And it ends with what is called a "Bibliography of the Refuge"—a phrase unknown to English history books—which, according to the list of contents, refers to refugees from persecution in the seventeenth century. It is a pity that the value of this second volume is so impaired, for as it stands it cannot rank with the first, or be safely put into the hands of undiscriminating students.

## DEMYTHOLOGIZING

C. E. BARRETT: *Jesus and the Gospel Tradition.* 116pp. S.P.C.K. 25s.

His whole problem with which Professor Barrett deals in these three lectures delivered in Yale and Cambridge is difficult. Much of the tradition about the historical Jesus in the Gospels, the concept of the Messiah, the atoning sacrifice, the final consummation with the luminous establishing of the divine kingdom, fall so uncomfortably on ears aimed for long enough to scientific examination, that for at least a hundred years scholars have been scrambling to remove such elements from the record and to uncover an early human Jesus. Professor Barrett does not go all the way with this, but like any modern thinker he is inevitably affected by it, and he unconsciously anxious to show the effect of the supernatural on the human story.

He examines every passage in the text. His scholarship is formidable, particularly in the New Testament, and if he included his footnotes in his lectures they must have made a deep impression in Hamburg. He discusses every text to find the answer to his questions. Did Jesus ever see himself as the Messiah, the Son of Man? Did he regard his death as the kind of sacrifice which the Church subsequently preached? Did he think that he would shortly return to be the messianic king of the kingdom of God? The first two questions with a qualified no; and the third in the affirmative—in this matter Jesus has been mistaken.

The scholar's problem is complicated by the fact that it is difficult for him to escape from the texts as he is able to look with open eyes at the society which produced them, his personal life, his actions, his teaching, supplied the only conceivable reason for the existence of the Church, its members (and for many of them they would have been people who had known him) must have been people who had known him, recall memories of him, so that even

the word "tradition", with its overtones of a vanished past, is an inadequate description of the talking of the early Church. It is unlikely that when the texts began to appear they contained anything that was not already completely familiar, and equally unlikely that they could have successfully ascribed to Jesus anything that was not known to be correct. We can agree that there might be mistakes, misunderstandings and the like, but surely not in so major a matter as the messianism, which so largely dominates the four Gospels; and the same kind of consideration should apply to the interpretation of the crucifixion.

The question of the triumphant kingdom and the Second Coming is rather different. The prophetic writings proclaimed the coming earthly kingdom in extravagant poetic language, the overthrow of the aliens, their judgment and the reign of the Messiah; and clearly it is against that background that the first Christians understood what Jesus had said about the kingdom. It seems at least possible that the mistake was theirs and that it was gradually corrected, for the language of Jesus constantly suggests that he was speaking of a *specie aeternitatis* in which past, present and future merged. Professor Dodd's theory of "realized eschatology" deserves consideration, and Dr. Barrett is often unduly reluctant to use the fourth Gospel.

All the people concerned are dead and gone, and their whole world has completely vanished. Only the texts and the still living Church remain. Just because a written text can be interpreted in so many ways, it seems as though the New Testament cannot be fully understood, perhaps unless it is seen very clearly against the background of the community which produced it. Nevertheless, as a textual study Professor Barrett's book is brilliant, and should for a long time prove an invaluable modern introduction to the problem.

## DEBUREAUCRATIZING

MEROL TREVOR: *Pope John.* 329pp. Illustrated. Macmillan. £2 2s.

Although there have been twenty-three legitimate popes named John, the simple title will be understood by everyone. After her masterly biography of Newman, Miss Trevor was well qualified to write about Angelo Roncalli. Although John XXIII's character was very different from the cardinal's, he had an obvious affinity with that eccentric but lovable saint, Philip of Neri, of whom Miss Trevor has also written a perceptive study.

Any book about Pope John is bound to face much competition. Miss Trevor's is likely to be compared with Esther Balducci's *John*, *"The Translational Pope"* (reviewed in these columns on December 2, 1963). That admirable book was devoted mainly to Angelo Roncalli's inner life and his part in the Second Vatican Council. It rested on copious quotation, and might almost be called an anthology of extracts from the Pope's *Journal*, and his other published writings and addresses. Miss Trevor's book is more of a regular biography; her approach, enthusiastic though it is, is more strictly historical.

John XXIII was that rare phenomenon, a charismatic Christian in a hierarchical position. What he did was what he was; as it is the men we want to know, not the ecclesiastical machinery.

She chronicles in greater detail than other biographers the outward circumstances of Angelo Roncalli's life, from the humble though not bitterly poverty-stricken home of his boyhood, through his years of service

to the bishop, Radini-Tedeschi, his long sojourn as papal envoy in the Balkans and Turkey, then as papal nuncio in Paris and Cardinal Patriarch in Venice, to his short but supremely eventful reign as Pope.

As Miss Trevor has been able to consult several people who knew Angelo Roncalli intimately, she can make important additions to the material she draws from published sources. She dwells particularly on two aspects of Roncalli's career, only lightly touched on by Father Balducci. One concerns the Modernist crisis under St. Pius X in 1910 and after. She tells, on the evidence of an eyewitness, how Pope John in 1954 asked to see his personal file, and finding that in those far-off days he had been suspected of being a Modernist, he indignantly asserted the words out and wrote, "I, John, Pope, say that I was never a Modernist". However that may be, there is no doubt that his beloved Bishop's absolute orthodoxy was called in question, unjustifiably, Miss Trevor adds that Angelo Roncalli's own attitude was not completely reflected in his *Journal*, and she summarizes an article he wrote for a diocesan paper in 1911 criticizing the excessive denunciation used by a priest who came to lecture to his seminary against Modernism.

The other instance, amply documented, is of the trials Angelo Roncalli suffered, especially from the Vatican bureaucracy, during his service in Bulgaria, Greece and Turkey.

## SAINT'S SERMONS

Selected Sermons of St. Augustine. Translated and edited by Quincey Howe, Jr. 234pp. Gollancz. 30s.

Mr. Howe has chosen thirty sermons to illustrate the range and quality of St. Augustine's preaching. This makes quite a useful book which only makes some readers to ask for more. Unfortunately the workmanship is far from flawless. No dates are given to individual sermons; yet Augustine's time was preaching for some forty years and much work has been done on the chronology. When there are so many to choose from, it is odd to select three or four which, if genuine, are confabulations and to that extent, not fully representative of his mature preaching. The sermon (224) given to illustrate "Easter Day preaching" was more probably delivered on the following Sunday.

Though the translation will do on

the whole, it is scattered with many little inaccuracies and sometimes goes badly wrong. Mr. Howe gets into a bad mess with Augustine's interpretation of *Principium*, Genesis 1, plus John VIII, 25. And when Augustine says that the Lord chose of his disciples out of sinners, has Mr. Howe a theological reason for turning *peccatores* into "a number of"? They are confused with "He loved" far better. Instead of "He chose first" (*primum elegit*), the meaning made quite clear by the context; and he has "remained true" for *perseverans* where the future tense is vital to the sense. Thus confidence in the translation is sapped.

## NATIONAL LIBRARY FOR THE BLIND

Enlarged under the patronage of Her Majesty THE QUEEN  
Chairman: The Marquis of Normandy



Because she is blind... Just think what a wonderful blessing the National Library for the Blind is to those of all ages who depend on it for the free loan of specially prepared books in Braille and Moon type which help us to give them the books they need.

LEGACIES, DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS are urgently needed and will be gratefully received by the Secretary, 35 GREAT SMITH STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

## THE LIGHTNING WAR

W. BYFORD-JONES

First-hand account of Arab-Israeli war by one who was there in the thick of things.  
Illustrated and Maps 30/-

## THE LONG SAFARI

JOHN POLLARD

Gripping tale of appallingly hazardous journey.  
Illustrated 25/-

## THE LORD OF THE JUNGLE

D. J. G. HENNESSY

Enthralling experiences with elephants and other animals.  
Illustrated 25/-

Portrait Books come of age!

## SNOWDONIA

CLEDWYN HUGHES

21st title in ever-popular series.  
Illustrated 25/-

## WHITE QUEEN IN AFRICA

ERIC ROBINS

Colourful story of life of Ruth Khamis.  
Illustrated 25/-

## JEAN PLAIDY

HER LATEST BESTSELLER

Queen in Waiting  
21/-

The Dark Tide  
GLYN CROUDACE

Grim, powerful story of pioneers in South Africa. 18/-

Chance Encounter  
E. E. SUMNER

An outstanding novel of suspense. 16/-

## NEW EDITIONS

Learning to Love  
ALAN H. B. INGLEBY  
126/-

JEAN PLAIDY

Daughter of Satan

Shadow of the Pomegranate  
13/- each

ROBERT HALE







